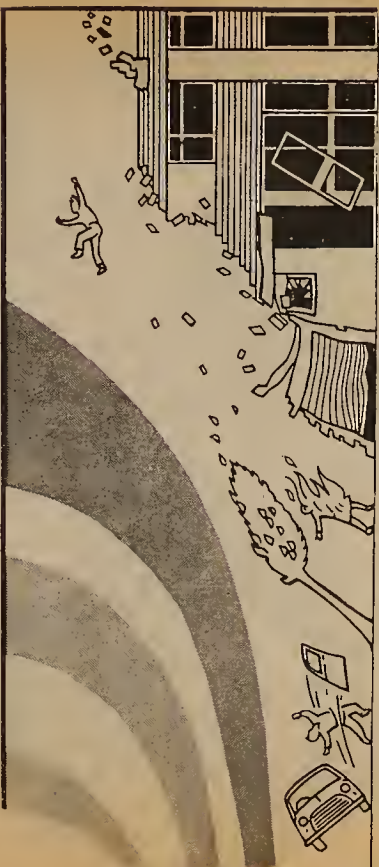
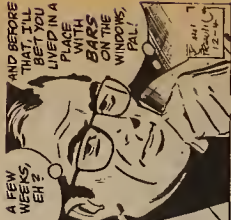


Before you take off... learn to fly!

Mona Lisa he's only 15!
Yours
For Only
6¢



WERO
TRIPS

THE INNIS HERALD

DEAR EDITOR:
LOOK, IF WE DON'T SEE A HEAVY METAL COLUMN IN THIS ISSUE WE'RE GONNA BLOW UP THE HERALD OFFICE! WE'RE NOT VIOLENT PEOPLE, BUT WE HAVE OUR NEEDS. YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?
- NIGE AND DAVE

BOFF !!
UNGH !!
OUCH !!



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1J5



Blitz

After reading the last issue of the paper, a friend of mine asked me why I always write about music. I, understandably, was stung by this. I mean, most of my columns last year were about U2, and you certainly can't call that music. But yes, Milena, I do write about music a lot, so this time I'll give it a break and discuss something else.

Now, I don't know how many of you read the last issue of the Herald, but those of you who did found therein an article by Simon Jester, advocating the legalization of marijuana and hashish. I remember thinking that it was a pretty controversial article. Well, and morally decrepit. If so, how that article was upstaged by and who compares to Mr. Baker, editorial in the Globe and Mail on Sept. 7 arguing for the legalization of all illegal drugs. Needless to say, it pleased and impressed me to hear such a stand, old, definitely non-radical newspaper express such sentiments. The only depressing point about it came up in the rebuttal, where Russell Baker argued that drugs should stay illegal because they don't have good PR agents as alcohol, nicotine or gambling. That's such a stupid thing to say that I'm amazed that drugs are still illegal if this is the average mentality of

the drug laws' defenders. Has it ever occurred to Mr. Baker that perhaps the cause of this negative view is simply that the governments of both Canada and the U.S. have been waging nonstop propaganda warfare against illegal drugs, including gross distortions of the truth and in many cases outright lies? Does Mr. Baker not realize that the government and its agents, the police, have been trying to impose their paranoia, ignorance and gutless deceit on the public view?

Is it any wonder, then, that we regard alcohol and nicotine as being better than LSD or marijuana? Drug users are remember thinking that it was a pretty controversial article. Well, and morally decrepit. If so, how that article was upstaged by and who compares to Mr. Baker, editorial in the Globe and Mail on Sept. 7 arguing for the legalization of all illegal drugs. Needless to say, it pleased and impressed me to hear such a stand, old, definitely non-radical newspaper express such sentiments. The only depressing point about it came up in the rebuttal, where Russell Baker argued that drugs should stay illegal because they don't have good PR agents as alcohol, nicotine or gambling. That's such a stupid thing to say that I'm amazed that drugs are still illegal if this is the average mentality of

Then again, change isn't always for the better. This month features the last chapter of Art's Mary Worth saga, much to everyone's

regret. Excuse me, I think I'd like to go cry my tears in private.

Okay, I'm back now. On to another topic, namely the purpose of this here paper, something that RT mentioned last issue, but that I'd like to bring up again. Obviously, we ain't a newspaper. The simple fact that we're lucky if we get an issue out every month precludes that. Nor are we any kind of scholarly journal. So what is the Herald?

That question really has two answers, which hopefully will merge into one. Obviously, the Editburo has its own ideas on what we want to do with the paper, what goals we want to achieve. Just as obviously, though, there is considerable input from our writers, since without them we don't have anything to publish. So it ends up as a balancing act. Keeping that in mind, and speaking strictly from my own opinions, I'll tell you what I'd like to see the Herald become. Quite simply, I want it to be a fun, alternative-oriented, somewhat anarchistic journal of Innis College. I mean, if I want dry facts, I'll read the Varsity. What I'd like to see in the Herald is vigorous, possibly somewhat obnoxious, voices discussing whatever they feel strongly about. I want the Herald

to be fun, without sacrificing writing quality or intelligence. No-one is getting paid for this, so there's no reason to do it except for the fact that you love it, and if you love something you don't write about it in prose that's suffering from rigor mortis, you dig? That's not to say that any kind of seriousness or objectivity or good journalism is to be banned, just that there's no reason why the above have to be so goddamned boring. But then again, considering that there are four assistant editors (just so you'll know, Braz does poetry and fiction, Cheri does the environment, Steve Gravestock does film, and Rick does whatever the hell he feels like doing) who doubtless have their own ideas, plus all-too-few contributors with their own ideas, I'm hardly in any position to play God (ignoring the fact that even if the position were offered to me, I'd kick the person offering it in the groin and run very far away).

One last point. Someone asked me why we don't have any sports coverage. In fact, she accused me of being prejudiced against people who are into athletics. It's quite simple, really: we have no sports coverage because no-one has given me any sports articles. The same goes for record reviews. We can't print what you don't write, so if there's anything you want to see in the Herald, well, it won't write itself. Get the picture?

WHAT IS GORN?



WE ARE GORN



The Innis Herald

Volume 24, Issue Two

"The paper that foams for no apparent reason."

The Corn Supreme High Command (Editburo)

Brigadier Blitz, Crusher of Worms
Captain Cheri, She-Creature From Hell
Comrade Braz, Glorious Leader of the
Revolutionary Proletariat
The Elder One Rick, The Celtic Elf
The Infamous Denning, the
Technomaster
Sargeant Steve, Scomful Watcher of
Movies

The Death-Horles of Demonic Slime include:

Damian, Warren, Odin, Brian
Morgante, Myrtle, Erica Strida, Alva
Golden, Dorna Mitchell, Karen
Summer, Lisa Mulwyk, A
nunnouse, Dennis Duffey, Imre
Juurink, Dan Hill, Denise White,
Sean Gregory, Tim Von Boettcher,
Faisal Khan, Alan Sharpe, Woody,
Art Wilson and anyone we forgot.

The Honor Roll on the Dinner Table
Shedden

Here's a funny story that happened to me the other day while walking back from school. I was walking down the street



ASK P.15
MYRTLE
for Environmental
Advice...

The 42-minute Orient tour \$1.00

Dear Herald:
Eye hae you awl. You suk
Yer papper stink. Wy dont you
awl dy? Reely. I think yer awl
fags. Fuk off, ok? Or else me
and my friends ar gunna beet you
up. Eye meen it.
Luv, Biff

Dear Biff: Yes, it's true. We
are all homosexual. We are also
secular humanist homewreckers,
communist drug addicts and real
ugly to boot. However, our
parties are good, unlike yours.
Love and sweaty French kisses
from the Editbuero.

Dear Editor,
After reading the first issue
of this year's Herald, I must say,
quite honestly, that I am slightly
intimidated and a little bit afraid to
contribute by writing an article for
your paper. First of all I don't
know anything about film or
poetry. Secondly, the only
"Truckin'" Dead song I know is
Finally, the one and only time I
came in contact with the editbuero
they were drunk and offensive. I
am an Innis student and I want to
be a part of the paper but I have
nothing to write about.
Sincerely,

Genital Waving:

Dear Ronald:
Do you like Black Sabbath?
Are you from Scarborough? If you
can't give a positive answer to all
these questions, we suggest you
take up cold showers and
yet, channel all that sexual energy
environmental concerns, like the
rainforest slaughter (see the Elder
One's article) so that if you do
win her love, and if the two of
you get married and have kids,
there will still be air for the kids to
breathe.

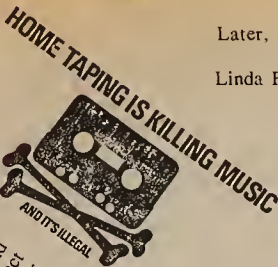
Yours homily,
Ronald

Dear Herald,
I have something horrible to
confess. It's about your
environmental editor, Cheryl. I
worship her. I drool when she
walks past me in the Pub. I don't
know how much longer I can
control my raging passions.
Help!



Dudes,
Where's the awesome heavy
metal column? I'm waiting but
I'm like ready to go back to
reading Circus!

Later,
Linda Frum



Dear Editor,
Hello Jim and Paul! Great
news from your Moscow
correspondent! Today is cause for
great elation. Word comes for
that we have new location for
missing Innis Farm. (I see in
latest Herald, everybody missing
maps? Or did you just lose all the
lost things pretty easy this year
BUT WHOLE FARM!! Anybody
irresponsible!) I hear that the
I have replacement! ICS
lots of farming at Innis Farm
or pay. How does Georgia
sound, huh? Pretty good eh?
Whatever Harold Innis paying
you Gorbachev ready to double
Plus all the vodka you can drink.
(No CBS in Soviet Union. We
try huh...) Don't thank me, Jim.
Is part of job. yours incahoots,
Ivan Czelegedy



(oh yeah- three things to
mention. First of all, all opinions
expressed in the letters, and in
articles too for that matter, are
attributable only to their authors;
no liability is attached to the Innis
Herald, the Innis College Student
Society or to the publisher.
Secondly, we won't print any
sexist, racist, ogist or homophobic
stuff, so if you're the type of
asshole who gets off on that then
just kill yourself, okay? Thirdly,
our mailing address is, The Gorn
Supreme High Command c/o the
Innis Herald, 2 Sussex Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1J5.)

the Readers

Dear Editbuero:
some real letters? Bored,
the Editbuero
Dear Readers: sick of making up
letters. Why don't you write
It's boring. You're
boring. We're sick of making up
letters. Why don't you write

Gentlepeople

It has come to my attention that
the authenticity of my last letter
has come in doubt. I wish to
clear this up immediately. There
are apparently some in your
college who worship philosophical
ideas with the same blind love that
adolescents reserve for that
corrupter of youth, Mick Jagger.
While I am flattered that my book
has done well, I take it only as a
sign that America and your little
island too, is deeply in trouble.
Believe me, I don't want
worship. I just want all my shirts
pressed without so much starch in
them next time. (Don't worry
about the cigar stink. Nothing
gets that out.)
It is quite wrong to worship
anyone in the manner of those
prisoners of pop culture who
leather clad, long-haired
drool over Guns and Roses or
even Lee Aaron, who is, in my
opinion, quite a considerable
artist. Art, however, can be
easily dismissed almost
entirely. (Except, of course, for
Tiffany, an idea whose time has
come.) As we philosophers are
sycophants of philosophers and
wont to say, you're only as good
as your latest idea. Nothing sells
like success, but a good cigar is a
smoke. I am therefore working
on a new book extolling the
virtues of that fabulous elitist,
Michael Wilson, who with men of
courage and integrity, and little
regard for people... (who tend to
get in the way of most
philosophy...look, there's
Malcolm Muggeridge! Get out of
my way!...you see?) Anyway,
I am working on a new book. I
call it: *The Permanent Underclass*.
Now We're Getting Somewhere!
Hey. Check it out.

sincerely,
Allan Bloom

Whining

Dear Herald:
I just thought I'd inform
you that a massive uprising is in
the offing. PLEASE BE
ADVISED!! The issue? Nuked
food!! We don't want less of it,
we want more more...more!
Why is there no microwave made
available at Innis so us poor
underprivileged students can have
good, hot homecooked meals
cheap? Let this be a warning:
Come the revolution, if nothing is
done to alleviate this situation,
Mary will be the first up against
the wall and her microwave
ripped out of the wall to the
cheers of teeming masses!!!

sincerely,
Nobby Clegg



THE DATE

Imre Juurlink

"You're acting funny again"
 your voice is hissing at me "I can hear it"
 his eyes travelling over my body, starting at my feet
 he's a leg-man he told me so
 "Is this what I came here for?"
 I know your hands will follow where your eyes led
 I am ignoring your voice I don't care about you
 another day of this I don't know why I'm here
 I used to say I wanted someone who knew what they wanted
 someone who would act on their thoughts
 And now I'm here Again
 it's easier I don't have to think much with you
 your car stops outside of the building and someone says
 "He's here"
 In the car you look over at me
 you never smile
 "Why don't you come over tonight?"
 I used to say no, or I'm tired or even yes, at first
 but it never made a difference, not with you
 "This is not where I live"
 I said the first time
 Am I the only one? It doesn't matter, does it.
 I don't care about you you don't matter not at all
 I thought you were lonely
 why else would you lay out your entire life for me
 all those pictures the first time in your room
 pictures of a happy boy, or at least smiling
 I said very little you talked a lot
 but you did not say anything either, did you
 that night was the first one
 you said you wanted to make love and I laughed at you
 "Make love?!" I had known you for seven hours
 the first time I stayed for five days
 you wouldn't drive me home
 you were tired you didn't want to be alone
 I felt so guilty
 I was innocent then so much more than now
 I thought it was because of you mother and your sister
 I stayed
 every time your hands touched me I felt ill
 it was you there, but not me
 it could have been anyone underneath you
 you denied it you said it had to be me
 I even cried the first few times and you held me
 but I only wanted to spit in your face

the sixth day I left
 you had to go to work that day and so did I
 and you had no choice but to let me go
 I would not quit my job for you
 You said you wanted me to stay there always
 so that every time you came home
 I would be there
 But I went to work, thinking this was it finally
 I walked outside and you were there
 I could not escape I sat down you looked at me
 you did not smile
 I said I did not want to go and you said let me drive you home
 "This isn't where I live"
 I know
 I found out that night I asked you
 I said: "How do you feel about your mother?"
 you complained about the extra responsibilities
 I said: "No, I mean how do you feel?"
 How do you feel about your mother wanting to die?"
 and you did not understand at all

Why are we here?

This feature exists for three reasons. First, it provides new writers an opportunity to have their works printed and read. Second, it functions as a contact base for writers, allowing them to see what others are working on, and to exchange ideas. Finally, it offers a source of literary entertainment (and hopefully, occasional enlightenment!) for the Herald readers.

This is the premier installment of Beyond the Envelope. My hope is that enough interest will be generated to make it a regular feature of this periodical (what does one call the Herald? Certainly not a newspaper!). So, if you write, or if you read, please submit your contributions and comments.

AT THE CLUB

Blitz

it's just another Tuesday night at the Apocalypse Club
 where black and blue forms swirl under neon beams of light

and the music is a living, breathing creature, peering into every dark corner
 and the bastard offspring of Westerberg and Garcia slump over tables and overflowing ashtrays, asking in rasping whispers about the vision that's lurking somewhere in the primal darkwomb
 and people slide, stagger, strut from table to table, never deigning to walk, feet a proud half inch about the floor

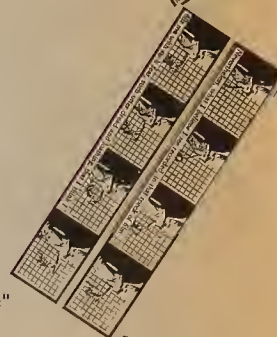
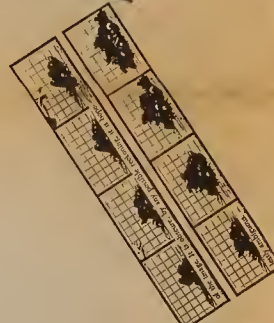
and I'm sitting at the bar, drinking rum and cokes and talking to someone whose name I didn't catch
 who's riffing his way thru a talking blues
 and no-one notices that the bartender isn't human

your hands touch my body
 your hands are on my waist and you are slightly bent
 as your hands move up your legs stretch out
 your lips kiss my neck
 you repulse me with your soft moaning
 I am faced with myself now, not you
 you see, you do not matter in this not at all
 now I must push you away or stay forever
 the decisions delayed
 the possibility of your lies has ended
 I sneak downstairs to the kitchen and from around the corner I see her and you at the kitchen table
 her feet are bleeding
 you are reprimanding her for escaping
 for walking all this way in her nightgown and bare feet
 her voice is pleading
 she explains how she stood on a bridge for hours
 she wanted to jump off but she didn't
 your family life is disturbing
 you move and I reach your room before
 you discover I have been hearing this
 you tell me you have to leave
 you are going to drive her back
 I am told to wait I wait
 you could have held her in your arms
 you could have kept her with you all night
 but you are driving her back to where she escaped from
 just like you have driven me back here every night

"You're acting funny"
 your voice is hissing at me I don't care
 you do not matter, not in any of this
 I do not speak I do not look at you
 you shrug your shoulders
 you crawl into your bed in your green pyjamas
 you are curled up with your face to the wall
 you think you are punishing me
 you think I love you because I told you I only sleep with me

I love
 I was so much more innocent when I met you
 that was true then
 you think I love you
 I think I wanted to lose my innocence
 I start to dress myself
 you turn around and sit up and smile
 "I'm sorry. Hey, I'm sorry. Come on, don't be mad at me"
 I look at you for a moment
 I continue dressing
 you get up and put your arms around me
 "Hey, come on, stay here. I'm sorry, really. What's the matter?"
 I say the same things you would say
 I'm tired I want to sleep at home I want to leave
 you can understand those things
 you still do not want me to leave
 you tell me you do not want to be alone that you cannot leave
 you have to be home for your sister and your mother
 you do not know anything about yourself
 I know myself
 I know myself well enough to leave

For months you came by
 you called my friends and roommates to let you in
 why are you begging for me James?



MASTERS OF CEREMONY:

THE WHITE DOOR

Sean Gregory

I said,
Leave this place
and shed the light of the judgement.
Now I fell betrayed.

I thought of you for a while.

It was summer;
season of tears drying
on the rocks by the shore.

I was too far out to be seen.
I could have been mistaken for a sail,
or at night, for a discarded mannequin.
And the haze made your vision worse. There was
no wind, small breezes were soon buried under
the seaweed.

I did not think you really cared
to find out the other truth.
I chose not to speak or touch.
I made the sail disappear on the last
sun-fall. I exchanged the rising moon
for an open white door that was attached to
a room with a bare bulb that hurt
your eyes when you lay on the bed.

I fell into the room with horrible suspicions,
but did not want to wear them out of necessity.
For it was cold and my vision was changing.

So, with solitary thoughts in hand, I was half-forced
to ask,
What is love
but your lips
on my neck?
I thought, with the broken lines between our eyes,
What is love
but your face
on my chest?

I eventually began to sleep in the room,
the white door closed.

THE NON-DRUG TURN-ON HITS CAMPUS



THE OLD MAN SLEEPS

Daniel Hill

Old man, on a bench, in a park;
With suffering jeans and feet-bearing shoes.

Can't you see it's snowing?

It's snowing!

Yet he just lays there,
with flakes fumbling down,
burying his body
and filling his cup.

What a lazy old man,
expecting his cup to collect coins
while he's asleep on a bench.

He's none to bright either,
lying in the snow.

Does he not need shelter?

Now sympathy starts in.

GODAMIT

I put on my scarf,
boots, hat, coat
and journey from my home,
Across the park, to the old man.

I bend and grasp his tin cup.

Drift it to the snow!

The metal of its handle
burns with frigid flame.

How can this man sleep through such cold?

I study him:
his parched and cracked lips
stretched over
an incomplete set of decaying teeth,

he's unshaven and dirty.
And his eyes are open.

I step back bewildered,
He sleeps with his eyes open!

Turning I toss 2-bits
by the cup.
And walk away relieved;

The old man sleeps with his eyes open.

THE SONG

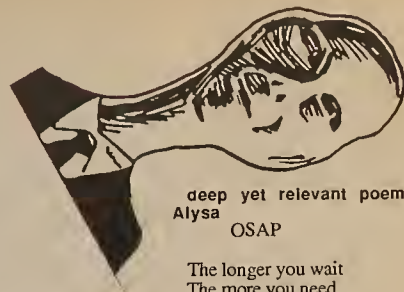
Denise White

Like an angel crying out in ecstasy at the
unfolding of her wings,
or the chilling wail of the Banshee
as she foretells dark secrets for those
who hear;
Such is the beauty of the song.

It gives to unknown forms new shape
and meaning;
awakens memories of shadowed feelings;
opens new doors of understanding.

Yet does the power of the song lie in the words,
which are often
entrapped within their own petty boundaries;
or is it in the airy music
which breathes through every pore and
rushes through the blood-veins of life,
like the torrential flow of
a river in heat,
as she runs wildly through the
madness of man
seducing him to his doom.

And from the lake She awakens again
full of anger and longing
and becomes the player, and the instrument
of her own music;
She holds many strings of
infinite sounds;
Her voice captures each note
and releases it with ease,
And like the sudden, chilling
cry of the newly born babe
She gives breath to
The Song.



deep yet relevant poem by
Alysa

OSAP

The longer you wait
The more you need
The more you need
The less you receive
The less you receive
The greater your need
And the greater your need, the
longer you wait.



THE PUB PART TWO

Lisa Mullwyk

Several things occur to me on reading Jim Shadden's enlightened view of the Innis Pub, presented in the September issue of the Herald. The first is that Jim Shadden is living in a time warp. Does he realise, when he rails on about the way the pub was in 1985, that none of us were even here in 1985? When I say none of us, I mean undergraduates getting a degree in four years. This is my fourth year at Innis, I started in 1986, and the pub was as it currently appears (i.e. food and furniture and "atmosphere"). This pub is the only one I've ever known. So it's hard to sympathize with Jim's desire to bring back the captain's tables and chairs of the "old days", since I never saw the pub that way, only the way it is now.

Losing Fuzz was not a big deal. He insulted me every time I went near him, that is, when he wasn't telling everyone in earshot about how he wrote his master's thesis in two seconds flat, or about how all his profs adored him and other equally tedious and boring stuff. All I wanted to do was get my beer. Also, I never saw him in a uniform, so I don't know what Jim is talking about.

Moving back to atmosphere, the alumni room, where I hang out, is not a bad place. The green cushions are nice, the woodwork is somewhat inspiring, and it's basically a pretty relaxing place. The main area of the pub, I agree, is not the most aesthetically inspiring place I've ever been in. But in defense of the guy that said the captain's tables had to go to provide more room, the place is always packed. Space is at a premium, making the current set-up viable, unless Jim can think of a better one, that accommodates as many people. He hasn't, at least not in his article.

Re: Food

Okay, the lasagna is gross. The sandwiches were pretty good when Howard made them, way back in my first year, but lately they've fallen on hard times. However, I'm looking forward to Jim's future columns on other places to eat on campus, because I find all campus food to be pretty mundane. I mean, at Innis, there are two kinds of see through meat on a bun, at Hart House there are four; it's still see through meat on a bun.

It's totally unfeasable economically to have the pub serve three meals a day. Sorry to rain on Jim's Utopia, but for the sake of the fifty people at Vlad, who are certainly not starving by eating at New College, it makes no sense to have the Innis Pub serve full breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The Pub would lose money that could be used on a lot of other things, which I'll save for another column.

THE REBUTTAL OF THE REBUTTAL.....

article by Jim

This time around, I'd like to respond to Lisa Mullwyk's comments on my article last month on the pub. Then, if there's space and time, I'd like to be more specific about the pros and cons of the Pub today, with some suggestions for improvement.

I thought Lisa's comments were fair, on the whole, but there are a few points I'd like to defend.

1. "...Jim Shadden is living in a time warp. Does he realize, when he rails on about the way the pub was in 1985, that none of us were even here in 1985?"

Well, yes, of course I realize that the majority of people hanging out in the pub today were not there prior to 1985. I didn't mean to sound like a nostalgic old fart (I'm not that old, actually); I merely intended to point out that a number of changes for the worse have been effected in the past few years. Besides, there are plenty of people hanging out at Innis who were here prior to 1985, among them academic and teaching staff, graduate students and students in profs who were around as undergrads (the Pub caters to a large crowd from the Library Sciences, for example), alumni, and of course the numerous Innis students on the five, six, seven and (in at least one case) twelve year plans.

2. "Losing Fuzz was no big deal. He insulted me every time I went near him, that is, when he

wasn't telling everyone in earshot about how he wrote his master's thesis in two seconds flat..." Well, that does sound like Fuzz. I won't bore you with a pious defense of Fuzz. He did wear a uniform of sorts for a short time near the beginning of 1985.

3. "...the alumni room, where I hang out, is not a bad place...Space is at a premium, making the current set-up viable, unless Jim can think of a better one, that accommodates (sic) as many people. He hasn't, at least not in his article."

Well, I did suggest that it was ironic that when we got rid of the meal plan (which would usually bring another 40 or so people in three times a day) we never had a problem. People made better use of the Cold Room (where there was a large round table) and the lounge upstairs (which, like the outside deck upstairs, is actually licensed, though not many people know that). All this aside, though, the chairs and tables are extremely uncomfortable and far too fragile.

4. "I'm looking forward to Jim's future columns on other places to eat on campus, because I find all campus food to be pretty mundane."

Fair enough. I'm not quite sure, myself. I wanted this column to be a survey of all the campus eateries, from the various vending machines to the Faculty Club, but that'll have to wait until next month. I'd like to put in a plug for Sylvesters' at the

People don't come to the Pub for a unique dining experience, they come to hang out, play cards, and drink. This is university, not aristocratic prep school. Jim's problem re: food is that he's passed out of that undergraduate willingness to eat anything of substance to that overgraduate desire to crusade for better food in the pub when nobody cares.

Jim, I have nothing against you personally, but practicality and economics are against you. In true, right wing sentiment, let me say that money is important, and all these proposed changes to what is a perfectly acceptable, not to mention popular pub, are too much.

SO THERE !!

reasonable prices (about the same as Innis's when you compare quantities), pay RENT (which is not counted as a cost at the Pub) and still turn a profit??? And they do all this without a liquor license (which surely must bring in a lot of dough), have better hours than the Pub (from 7:00) Serve people faster, have way more food variety (which they almost never run out of, unlike the Pub). Get this: they actually put the mayonnaise on the sandwiches for people (the Pub has a tray of various condiments like ketchup and mayo near Rick which are more-often-than-not empty or well, kind of gross looking), have ketchup and napkin dispensers at each table, and they can actually make toast! Wow.

My point is: I don't buy this argument that our Pub couldn't be better without losing money or raising prices astronomically. Like most of us, Lisa, you've been sucked in by the University's "No can do" attitude. My final criticism is: 6. "In true right wing sentiment, let me say that money is important, and all these

amount of garbage the pub produces. In fact, the two moves toward ecological sanity in the pub were initiated by students (one, the use of the "Innis Cafe" cups by pub regulars and two, the use of the blue boxes-- the students continue to "maintain" the blue-box programme). I propose that everyone start bringing in their own dishes. Staff could keep dishes in their offices; students could keep them in their lockers. They could easily be washed in the public washrooms or in the mailroom. Yes, I know that it probably won't "work". But it might just let the powers-that-be know that we don't want to abide by their "no can do" attitude. Anyhow, next time: less rants and more real campus food analysis.

SO THERE !!

ONE LAST TIME FOR MARY



column by Arthur Wilson

We left Mary on June 12. Since club bar the club could be liable. then we've wrapped up one plot, Oh, my mistake, CBS writes it. launched into another, and have Sue's head! for Doug's to tell him. "Meanwhile" (we got a lot up to her elbows in the salad rather prevalent in the days to time.

So as you'll recall, Tom Canyon finds Doug's been fender. Doug it's Doug, and he needs to see the Byrnes house when the old Rolis, that "didn't answer the horse pistol under her pillow to had just driven off and Doug wonders how that happened? Sue. He tells her the club is clear. The dame in the Rolis tell Doug manhood" he is. Carlos tell Mary Cory was about to do the same. Things a bit sketchy for you, and he gives her his resignation, too. "give this hulk a hefty shove he thinks Abby is but very slowly. Well Doug Doug? Ummmm, somebody Tom only had two drinks at the asterisk". The cars stalled so they TRASTRONADO (you know he'd better speed it up, which he did. Funny though, Ian drinking at the Foothill Doug goes to tell Ian his car's Now Mary's doin' her thing. does. Little does he know that mutes, that you didn't notice that Roadhouse. He had 5 drinks and been trashed. The mystery Gossiping with Ian and Toby. "Meanwhile" half a mile down the headlight being out when you Doug had 3. Geezzzzzz, Doug woman orders him to "signal the Seems that Abby has asked Mary road, the faithful sanitation drove home. Here comes Sue. She tells Doug, and us, the Faagages.

She tells Doug, and us, the Faagages. Suddenly, Doug spins around a turn and comes face to face with doing 80 MPH (right, the garbage truck, which he and the other people are only day faded further away". This port" (read building manager, ie sure that if Abby goes after Carlos assumes is on the wrong side of critical). So in a way, Tom my nerves. I need a stiff drink. her what berries are available and sport. shoulder tread the front lawn of Cannonball. Sue fills in Doug So to wrap this up: Doug explain the dockage fees".

Some unsuspecting resident) and about the liability thing takes out a few mailboxes before Remember how we told you last Doug wonders if he is an Portland out her friends haul her a few days, but it's not clear why. put it back on the road. Doug month that Laurie's died was alcoholic. Sue says new but gives as Abby. Here comes Ian, pipe a Asks Mary to take her to the thinks people who drive on the probably a boozier and died as a him a scary book. Doug says, puffin". Abby gives Ian \$2K to supermarket. Sue's got her box wrong side of the road should be result. Well we were part fright. This is great.

locked up forever. The plot line is not for the faint Both Sue Byrne and hubbie Doug, wonders if he is an Portland out her friends haul her a few days, but it's not clear why. of heart. Trust me, it gets comier with Tom Canyon. Sue thinks of Doug's resignation, Doug heads talks in nautical metaphors. Abby tells Mary she lives on an Abby is one wacky driver. by the day. And the pat, moral with Tom Canyon. Sue thinks of Doug's resignation, Doug heads talks in nautical metaphors. Abby tells Mary she lives on an Abby is one wacky driver. lecturing is enough to drive you to the accident "but for the grace of God ..."

Drunk. Sue's been on the wagon for 10 Doug wakes up at 8:30. He years, ever since they forgot draped over her firm, free young they're from NY, license APG. Doug misses his five O'clock alarm. Laurie's birthday and daddy went wasn't hurt. Laurie loved her did comes from the planet of the apes. He calls in to Danny, who agrees on a last minute shopping spree. I seems old dad had had 4 or 5 and can't stand the thought of The only available unit is the column. When I began this task to cover for him, because Doug's pre dinner martini's when he decided he had to get his little girl large pouable lips that cause more know, with the bubbles) "Small came to its senses and resuscitated World". Abby may be looking for the strip. Well that is not to be. Doug, but Danny covers well, explodes in flames. Some Damm we're missing a day. Did a man. Gosh S&Z are really Indeed they have now cut Rex She tells Danny to have the flag present!! Doug kiss her? We'll never keeping this plot under wraps. Morgan and Gasoline Alley. The lowered to half staff. This is just as Sue leave. Mary appears in perfect mofy form (see panel). Doug's off to apologize to the huge sums of money in a shoe a solution is at hand. member dies!!!! Doug has told Mary he fell asleep at the wheel. Carlos also notices people whose lawn he mowed. Well we're in full wrap up months' rent cash up front. And Appreciation Society. The society has secured a subscription to its credit reference questions. She Ottawa Citizen in order that its says they take a dim view of members may read Rex Morgan credit down east. This should be and Mary Worth. Unfortunately this strip?

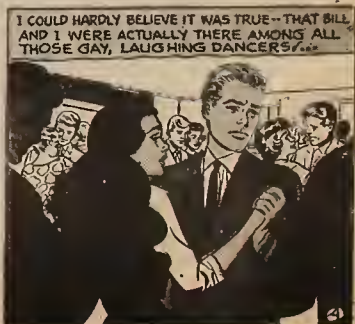
Somebody ran into a car in the a up to her secret identity, because parking lot. Hope it's not everyone knows the term is back the Byrnes house when the old Rolis, that "didn't answer the horse pistol under her pillow to had just driven off and Doug wonders how that happened? Sue. He tells her the club is clear. The dame in the Rolis tell Doug manhood" he is. Carlos tell Mary Cory was about to do the same. Things a bit sketchy for you, and he gives her his resignation, too. "give this hulk a hefty shove he thinks Abby is but very slowly. Well Doug Doug? Ummmm, somebody Tom only had two drinks at the asterisk". The cars stalled so they TRASTRONADO (you know he'd better speed it up, which he did. Funny though, Ian drinking at the Foothill Doug goes to tell Ian his car's Now Mary's doin' her thing. does. Little does he know that mutes, that you didn't notice that Roadhouse. He had 5 drinks and been trashed. The mystery Gossiping with Ian and Toby. "Meanwhile" half a mile down the headlight being out when you Doug had 3. Geezzzzzz, Doug woman orders him to "signal the Seems that Abby has asked Mary road, the faithful sanitation drove home. Here comes Sue. She tells Doug, and us, the Faagages.

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Snore-snore

the business with the savers, promises to be a continued source of suspense and entertainment. In Rex, the unknown woman who asked for Rex at the hospital is named Karen. She's a young university student, and she's reeeaaaally hot. She kissed Rex. How can you afford not to join?

By the way if anyone knows the comic content of *The Boston Globe* please let us know. You too can be a member of the R&M Soc. A 3 month membership costs only \$5 (you can pay Jim Shelden at Innis) and confers full reading rights (possessory rights remain with the sustaining members). and, if the societies revenues exceed costs, your membership will automatically be extended free of charge. We've got a loony woman with tons-o-cash, which she keeps in a shoe box. Her identity is as questionable as her sanity. And

the Citizen only carries Mary Worth, but we never claimed we were perfect (or at least no one has ever believed us when we did). This is just a temporary teething problem. We have located two papers that can supply us with both Rex and Mary: *The L.A. Times* and *The Hamilton Spectator*. We are currently determining which paper best suits the society's needs. Did you know that McMaster has a pyjama parade during orientation where attractive young women (and men I suppose) in bedclothes walk along the street kissing anyone on the sidewalk. Sure beats the hell out of a shoe

DRY WHITE SEASON

article by Brian Morgante

For a movie that attempts to tell the story of the 1976 Soweto uprising, the test of serious political intentions is the presentation of the police firing upon demonstrating students. Will the students be quietly angry and noble or will they be unruly, defiant, taunting kids who push the cops to the edge, confident they won't be fired upon with the world of the press watching? Euzhan Palcy, the director and co-writer of *A Dry White Season*, flunks the test in grand style, staging the incident for melodramatic horror. Happy, smiling, joyously singing children are gunned down and each death is singly presented in full screen, yet we never learn who was demonstrating, against what, why, or why it might have threatened white South Africa. Palcy isn't interested in the politics of southern Africa, just the melodramatic possibilities. The movie never develops a more sophisticated understanding of the apartheid system yet the emotional current generated may well carry the film to a broad audience (the reverse of 1988's *A World Apart*).

Co-written by Palcy and Colin Welland (tellingly, his other credits include *Chariots of Fire* and *Twice in a Lifetime*), the film has enough borrowed plot for three movies. Ostensibly the story of the political awakening of a prosperous white man after the murder of his gardener's son, the movie is actually a progression of worse and worse scenes of South African government brutality. Not surprisingly, the best moments are provided by Marlon Brando in a supporting role as the lawyer the Donald Sutherland character consults. Suddenly, the movie is energized as Brando parodies himself, over-acting shamelessly, disguising his familiar voice and using his rotund body expressively. Magnetic, he trashes the precept of a fictional reality and in his courtroom scene, it is the actor not the lawyer character, to whom we respond gratefully. It's Marlon Brando who exacts revenge on the South African police force, independent of the film his two scenes are dropped into. Palcy must know this because after Brando's exit, she holds our interest by jacking up the melodrama to a fever pitch. Curiously, the more "good" characters she sacrifices, the cooler and more low-key the performers become. That's why the picture retains the airs of a prestige picture long after the plot has become wildly improbable.

With a young female black director from a Third World country, the film is bound to get a much softer ride from the press than its negligent film craft deserves. But two egregious decisions she made must be addressed. Palcy will be praised

for her casting-- especially if no one notices that Susan Sarandon's role has been edited right out of the picture-- yet her canniness is deeply reactionary. At a key point in the film, a black activist, played by Zakes Mokae, shows up at the white hero's home on Christmas Day, drunk and bearing bad news. Mokae is a talented stage actor of some range but he is so theatrical an actor that he can only play villains in the more naturalistic medium of film (for example, *The Serpent and the Rainbow*). Bursting into a staid Johannesburg living room on Christmas Day, drunk, angry and swearing in front of women and children, Mokae is so effective that the audience recoils from the near-primal horror of the intrusion. In making a more effective anti-apartheid melodrama, the film winds up reinforcing whites' irrational fears of blacks. The subconscious feeling that blacks don't belong in white houses is the only content the picture has; it undercut its claim to politics the moment the police started lying to cover-up their misdeeds. Didn't it occur to anyone that the actions in this film could all have been avoided if only the South African police followed the letter of the law?

I cannot discuss the other outrageous flaw because I would have to disclose the ending, but I will say that the audience that cheered the action the night I went is doubtless the same audience that hooted derisively when the same action was used identically in *Rambo: First Blood II*. When *A Dry White Season* was over, the only political issue I was thinking about was the likely reaction of the crowd if it had been a man who'd introduced Euzhan Palcy as "very attractive".

The Big Bang

Fans of James Toback's films have been wondering what direction his career will take, flamboyant pulp or romantic comedy? *The Big Bang*, his first documentary, goes both ways but only half-heartedly. He picks interesting, amusing people and then asks them for their views on sex, death and the cosmos. Since one goes to Toback's films expecting revelation, there will be some disappointment that this one is merely funny and entertaining.

Drugstore Cowboy

Perhaps the most interesting film at the festival was Gus Van Sant, Jr.'s *Drugstore Cowboy*, starring Matt Dillon as a heroin addict named Boh. The film's daring is two-fold: it is an inside look at junkie life, and the director refuses to criticize this. In this film's view, being a heroin addict in no way impairs one's experiencing of life. The film acknowledges that junkies are trying to blot out the pains of living but doesn't imply that they

succeed or that their choice is less worthy than the more usual routes of escape. So fully does Van Sant adopt this stance that he can make the film into one where the junkie life is a comedy premise and not a platform for the screenwriter's ethical or sociological concerns. What keeps the film from achieving greatness is its hesitation, for the latter two thirds fail to develop the heroin comedy aspect of the opening. The ending is an astute surprise, but the movie as a whole is slightly underwritten, leaving the audience unsure if it is being primed for laughs or comedy (neither is the case, as it turns out).

With the exception of Dillon, who is fine but was chosen for reasons of finance, Van Sant casts according to type, but he is not a determinist, so he allows the actors room to breathe. Both these skills are necessary, because the picture's real achievement is its unique visual style: it looks like no other picture that I can recall. Van Sant's term, "floating landscapes...traversed by highways," describes *Drugstore Cowboy*'s look, and the style is an imaginative visual metaphor for heroin.

The movie is gripping and unsettling, and it preaches no sermons.

IN COUNTRY

Probably the only people who will be troubled by Norman Jewison's *In Country*, the kick-off film for the Festival of Festivals, are the publishers of Jay Scott's forthcoming book on Jewison. In *Country* isn't a bad movie. It isn't a movie at all. It's a collection of assembled elements for a movie---money, script, actors, crew and director. None of these elements fuse well enough to create the illusion of a movie. I was forgetting this 120 minutes of film stock before it was over. My only comment is to note that what, I gather, the moviemakers were trying to get at---the effect the Vietnam war had on the American populace---were embodied only in the character played by Joan Allen. Her portrayal of Emily Lloyd's mother had all the resonance the rest of the film lacked. In *Country* might have had a chance if it had told her story.



WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PAINTING

FESTIVAL

than it does on screen. Goldblum is best when he's not speaking. His eyes, mouth and hands are in constant motion, and his animation and innate sense of comedy come out best between the big funny scenes or jokes. The film may become best known for its parody of Andrew Lloyd Webber musicals. When Goldblum quits working for Atkinson, he lands the lead in "Elephant", a musical adaptation of the Elephant Man. There are some very funny moments in the production itself. For example, the virtuous young woman who falls in love with the Elephant guy sings, "Everytime we get close to each other, he packs up his trunk and leaves", and the last climactic number, after the elephant dies, is called "Somewhere in Heaven".

SEX, LIES AND VIDEOTAPE

Karen Sumner

Sex, lies and videotape, the feature film debut of director Steven Soderbergh, is the little picture (at \$1.2 million) that people love to love. It's no mystery why the film has gained a lot of attention: it's about having sex and videotaping people talking about having sex. Having seen the film, however, the general consensus that it is a unique, fresh, visionary work does surprise me. Here's how fresh it is: James Spader plays the "troubled young man who appears out of the blue" (Festival Magazine). He's a drifter who bills himself as shockingly honest, so we know that he will, while briefly visiting an old college friend, shake up the lives of those around him. Those around him are Peter Gallagher, who plays the insensitive, self-motivated Yuppie lawyer, complete with specs and suspenders. Andie MacDowell plays his vaguely neurotic wife, who is in therapy trying to deal with her obsession with global issues ("I mean, who will get rid of all the garbage?" - substitute "lies" for "garbage", and the winning answer is, of course, the shockingly honest, troubled young man). We know that the Wife is really in therapy because she's sexually repressed: She and her Yuppie rarely have sex, and this doesn't even bother her! The marriage is in trouble, and so it's up to the Drifter to first upset the status quo (that's what Drifters do) and then set things right. Not that he doesn't have his problems - Drifter-history tells us they all do - but maybe, just maybe, his problems (sexual, of course) can be part of the Ultimate Solution.

The last character in this original list, played by Laura San Giacomo, is the Sensual Other Woman (or S.O.W.), with whom the Yuppie (remember he's insensitive) is having an affair. The only twist in this otherwise predictable plot is that the Sensual Other Woman is the Yuppie's sister-in-law. So one sister is repressed, and the other is flamboyantly sexual. How did this psycho-sexual development come about? Solely for the convenience of the plot, it seems, as the film doesn't divulge the source of this lucky arrangement.

The plot plods on, characters discuss their sexual problems ad


nauseum, the Wife discards Yuppie's not just a law cheater too, and the film has a shattering dull conclusion. The Just (those who tell the truth) are rewarded and the (yes, they lie) are punished. Really not so difficult to see why this film is so successful and why Soderbergh has a hot new director's conventionally moralistic full of characters we've seen before and all feel comfortable with, which supports the middle-class values. Most value-systems in themselves are not bad (or they may be) an overwhelmingly unimpressive film espousing these quickly becomes a sleep-inducing experience.

I'd hate to say the film is bad. James Spader's combination of nervous self-consciousness and confidence in interrogation is nicely balanced by a jumpy sensibility. His easy-going passiveness is the only character who life in him. Andie MacDowell, over-burdened with her role as the therapy-addicted wife, when Spader catches a rare moment to her therapist in conversation, he quickly says "You're in therapy?", a wide-eyed response is, "you?". This 70's era therapy comedy has been done to death. If Soderbergh is excavating without ironic self-consciousness.

Soderbergh may be a household name like Shakespeare or Masters and Johnson. He loves to read/hear/watch people talk talk about about thought that's the downest form of self-analysis. Humans can hope to achieve what is sexual behavior manifestation of other things happening in our lives. Who knows. I do know *sex, lies and videotape* is aesthetically stimulating. Ruth Westheimer's sexual phone-in show.

Come up
Taste
every

doesn't she feel anything? Goldblum is emotionally naked while she seems to be wearing thermal underwear and three layers of clothing.



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**Live up to the Kool taste.
Taste extra coolness
every time you smoke.**

[illegible]

Braz

TWO FACED

Steve Gravestock

In his new documentary *Motel*, director Christian Blackwood comes on like an old comic-book character: he's got two faces. The first is Jean Renoir's, empathizing with everyone the way an artist should. The second is David Letterman's, sporting that nasty, sleazy grin as he ridicules his hapless guests and ingratiate himself with his equally smug audience. *Motel* is a difficult film to assess because Blackwood's ugly side only shows through clearly once, although you catch glimpses of it throughout the work. These lapses mar the film but fail to completely ruin it. Still, they leave an ugly aftertaste.

Motel focuses on people who own, manage, or frequent motels in the American southwest. It's divided into three segments. The first deals with three divorced, middle-aged women who run a motel, the second with three women who regularly patronize a motel across from a prison in order to visit their incarcerated husbands and boyfriends, and the third with an aging dancer who owns a ramshackle motel in a Death Valley ghost town.

Blackwood concentrates on people who live on the fringe - people who would normally be dismissed as eccentric, ridiculous, insignificant, or tawdry - and stresses their sanity, fullness, and humanity. This theme suits his gifts perfectly. He builds up a great rapport with his subjects; they open up and express themselves unself-consciously. Moreover, he possesses the judgement to let them speak for themselves. He's got a great ear for dialogue rhythms; each subject sets his or her own pace and, consequently, their personalities come through wonderfully. This wouldn't matter much if Blackwood didn't have an instinctive awareness of intriguing subjects. Virtually everyone who appears displays significant - and sometimes unexpected - depth. Because of this harmony between Blackwood's skills and content, bourgeois assumptions are dismissed casually, without any invective.

At its best, the film's tone is dignified and comic. It's not comic because it's a laugh-fest but because the filmmaker (and the audience) really enjoys the understated way he trashes middle-class prejudices and this glee infuses the film. Supposed eccentrics turn out to be very well adjusted. It's dignified because Blackwood - at his best - doesn't condescend to his subjects. By letting them speak, he avoids the trap of turning them into characters the way Frank Capra would.

The three women who operate the motel take pride in their independence. They're tough, resilient and funny, able to face

MYSTERY TRAIN

article by Erica Strada

Last week, *Mystery Train*, the latest film by Jim Jarmusch (*Down By Law*; *Stranger than Paradise*) premiered at a Gala screening of the Festival of Festivals. A typically possessed Screamin' Jay Hawkins was on hand to give the presentation a Kick-start which seems to have been "too real" for some of the less adventurous star-seekers in attendance.

Wailing and howling *She Put the Whammy On Me*, Hawkins inspired a few raised eyebrows but it wasn't until he put in his nose bone and sparked up his flash paper during a savage rendition of *I Put A Spell On You* that they began stumbling for the safety of the lobby.

It was hard to imagine what Screamin' Jay would do in a non-musical film role but one thing was certain - he'd be the one playing the maniac... right? Wrong!

Jarmusch is the kind of director that enjoys the tension and surprise created by having non-filmic entertainers portray characters different from their own personas. Consider Tom Waits or Roberto Benini, for example, in *Down By Law*. *Mystery Train* is no different. Here, Screamin' Jay is cast to play a sedentary night clerk. Explains Jarmusch: "...it's exactly his contents-under-pressure quality that makes his acting in the film so strong."

The film is composed of three vignettes joined together by the common ground of a Memphis hotel. Although each of the three individually titled segments occurs within the same time-frame, they are shown one after the other. This gives the film a stylistic sense of some Japanese

cinema and literature in which a single event is retold from a number of perspectives.

With regard to content, Jarmusch would like *Mystery Train* to be seen as analogous to The Canterbury Tales in its characters' pilgrimage in search of spiritual fulfillment... my woman's intuition tells me that appearance of Chaucer Street was no accident - Jim's such a subtle dude!

In the "Far From Yokohama" segment, two Japanese teens travel to Memphis seeking signs of Elvis who, few would argue, is dangerously close to becoming a religious icon. Elvis is present in all three pieces in paintings on hotel room walls.

On paper, I could see it sounding like an intriguing concept, unfortunately the stories lack the power to rise above the cumbersome structure on which they're based. Poorly developed characters and a particularly stiff performance by Joe Strummer doesn't help matters much. Maybe Jarmusch should've had Screamin' Jay do a song after all...

It wouldn't be fair for me to warn people away from this film. For the most part, it's very enjoyable. In some ways, it's one of the finest documentaries I've ever seen, but it's still very problematic. Blackwood has an artist's gifts but only half of an artist's sensibility. He won't become one until he stops trying to be a cultured David Letterman.

Blackwood attended the festival screening and I asked what he thought of the audience's hysterical laughter during the opening of the Third section. He said: "I don't really blame him since I was clumsily phrased. He couldn't have ostracized the audience by criticizing it. Another member of the audience did respond - sort of - and claimed that she didn't feel that way and that everyone she was with had their 'hands over their hearts' throughout it. Coddly enough, this didn't allay my doubts."

It's only worse when the audience considers itself "cultured" or "refined". They'll react. The audience at the festival "characters". This is exactly how they and love them as silly beliefs, then condescend to react at the subject's antics and

Documentary filmmakers have a responsibility to their subjects that fiction filmmakers don't. They always face the danger of turning into sleazy journalists or hip talk-show hosts. When they criticize their subjects - even those who deserve to be criticized - they can ones' life stands up to this type of scrutiny. When they concentrate on eccentricities, they may exploit them and indulge in blatant cruelty. Blackwood falls into this trap.

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Initially, these moments only seemed to be slightly miscellaneized; after this egregious lapse they look like evidence of something uglier. For example, in the second section, he cuts to photos of the husbands and boyfriends after asking the women to describe them. This is a traditional comic device which is usually employed to expose the discrepancy between what people say and the truth. Where we expected to laugh at this too? Even Blackwood's rapport with his subjects seems suspect. He elicits amusing, unself-conscious statements. Was he setting them up for derisive laughter?



Blackwood introduces Maria's boyfriend in the same cruel manner. He first appears riding in front of the motel with his feet on the handlebars, looking like a seal. Since we don't know who or what he is, he just looks ludicrous. After having spent the whole film gently carving up middle-class prejudices, he reverts to them for the sake of a few cheap laughs. You start to question prior moments in the film because of this scene.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND DRINK THEM UNDER THE TABLE

article by Dennis Duffy

Wine is in, booze is out. Check out the fancy parties, the beautiful people in the magazines. Unless they've been slotted into a liquor ad, they're sipping delicately at a glass of wine, not swigging down big, chunky tumblers of hooch. It's simple - people with blond, blow-dried hair, tweedy, nubby jackets and sweaters and day-glo scarves and sox and panty-hose just aren't making the guzzling scene anymore.

You, on the other hand, quite likely still are.

Come on, confess: you still think it's neat to fill half a glass with vodka, the other half with warm Pepsi, chuck in a couple of half-melted ice-cubes, hoist four or five of these over the gums the first hour of the party, and spend the rest of the night puking all over your Kodiaks. And have you wondered why you're flaming, why you're just not scoring? Cheer up. I've got some helpful advice. Ten wine tips, culled from a life of informed elegance and unabashed superiority. Hey, you think I was born into all this chic-ness? Read on.

1. OPEN OTHER END: Now, the trouble, right off the bat, with any wine bottle is that it lacks that very basic, essential direction. So how do you figure it out? Simple!

a) The big end is the bottom. Sometimes it has a little depression in the middle. That's called a "kick" or a "punt". Not a lateral, not a delayed trap, but a kick. If your thumb fits there, you're holding the bottom.

b) The little end will have some unpeelable plastic or tinfoil on it. When you take that stuff away, you'll find a cork. Which brings us to #2.

2. GETTING THE CORK

OUT: The handiest thing for this (unless you've been lucky and gotten hold of a screw-top bottle) is an unsharpened pencil. Put the pencil in the centre of the cork and slam it hard. That not only gets the cork out of the way, but it also splashes a little wine on your hands to show that you're not afraid of the stuff eating away at your flesh. Unless you've bought some very Canadian wine, you're safe, and you've impressed your guest with the quality of your purchase. The cork will then float in the bottle and act like a fishing bob, marking the level of sauce you have left. Wine bottles can be so damn dark you need something like that anyway.

If you've lost your pencil, then find something hard and break off the neck. If you're forced to do that, though, don't guzzle right from the jug unless your lips are tough enough to use as bottle-openers.

3. READING THE LABEL: Forget about the label at first. Check out the neck for the price tag. That's where the action is. Once you've done that, drop your eyes to the bottom of the label. Somewhere along the way you'll make out the % of alcohol in the wine. The bottom line. Don't settle for less than 20%. Why pay more for less?

4. POURING: Do it into a glass, or a plastic "glass", or a paper cup. Ashtrays - even after heavy-detergent washing - still keep a strong flavour. So do flower pots. Coffee mugs aren't too classy. What the hell, wipe the toothpaste out of your glass and pour some of the joy-juice in it.

5. COLOUR: Time to begin your evaluation. Time to show your knowledge. It ought to be purple or yellow or yellow-gold-

brown or nail-polish pink. Accept no other points along the spectrum. Once you've noticed the colour, forget it unless it changes within 15 minutes. If the colour changes, check if your hands are tingling and burning. Hey, you could be in trouble.

6. TASTE: Rocks or fruit. If it's red, it ought to taste like the former; if the latter, then it's white. Anything in between: a peach with the pit left in. Gargling loudly shows your guests how deeply you're into tasting. So does spitting a little of it out, as long as you avoid whatever you're wearing. You can always wear a bathing suit when heavily tasting.

7. WHAT TO SERVE WITH WINE: Virtually anything edible. Hostess Twinkies, french fries, stewed tomatoes: in. Red River cereal, waffles, turnips: out. Somewhere there's gotta be some food you like that goes well with wine. But if not, then chug-a-lug it on your own, while you're driving, in the shower, you name it. (Ed. note: Just in case you didn't pick up the facetious intent of this article, we feel compelled to point out that Mr. Duffy is joking when he suggests drinking and driving.)

8. HOW MUCH TO DRINK: Well, when the road swerves (there he goes again! - ed.), when the shower flows upwards, when the wine changes colour twice, maybe ease off. But if your remarks don't seem profound, if everyone doesn't laugh uproariously when you do the table cloth trick and just bitches about your throwing food in their lap, if nobody feels like singing "Show Me The Way Home," then it's time for a little more vino. If no-one laughs at your wit when you recite, "Don't be a sour old stinkereeno, drown

your pain in a jug of vino," then it's time to open another jug.

9. THE NEXT DAY: If that face in the mirror looks at all like your own, it hasn't been a very good party. If the face looks different, then it's been all to swell. Either way, get hold of the pencil and open another jug.

10. STOCKING YOUR CELLAR: No matter what it costs now, think it's gonna be any cheaper a year from now? Move all that junk out of your cellar (the top off your old T-Bird, the half built stereo case, the collection of rare old newspapers and rags) and lay in some wine. Leave it in the bottles for a while anyway. Dream of your investment quadrupling within a decade. Pour yourself a little to help your dreaming.

HOW CAN YOU EVEN BE READING THIS?



CIRCUS STORY

Dorina Michelutti

Newest news: the administration at Roberts Library has forbidden its staff to read. They think it's bad for the image of the biggest research library in Canada if patrons see staff reading. Personally, I agree with these administrators: written words are dangerous if read, especially when in newspapers or magazines in which the worker may discover something of personal interest.

I work in Exit Control. My job is to protect the Collection. If previously this job was rewarding, with this new directive, it has become exciting: it poses the difficult and taxing job of sitting completely still for hours, sometimes eight in one day, while at the same time sharpening the faculty of attention so that I, the Controller of the Exits, may better foil thieves who

would slither by, and re-route the many poor, lost souls. I must learn to do this while projecting the New Roberts Image which I summarize: reading projects a bad image, so when Roberts employees have nothing to do, they must not read, rather, they must sit and do absolutely nothing.

What I love about the job is the danger: the peril of earning my monies properly while avoiding brain damage. To this end, I am striving to perfect a few techniques, not without risk to my very job! For example, I have tried to sit in front of a book and not read so that the image of the page imprints itself onto my brain through my eyes without my being able to make head or tail of what is written. That's not reading, it's watching, the same way I watch for thieves. But I admit to being weak, and have failed repeatedly, even, I confess,

at times slipping into interpretation! Gads, a superior would know immediately and I would be fired, and rightly so, having endangered the Collection's New Image. I have also considered practising penmanship, since there is nothing in the new directive about writing, but that is too close to reading for comfort. Someone suggested bringing embroidery, and perhaps I will, just in case those pesky written words hanging around the library tempt me sorely.

I must say I have made inroads: during those long hours, I assiduously visualize the New Roberts Image. And I work at my style. I do calisthenics under the desk so I may better pounce upon any patron who might be wanting to tiptoe past with uncirculating material. And my hearing has improved to compensate for the fact that my

eyes cross when I stare fixedly at the exits for long periods of time. Then I see myself a Peregrine Falcon, but I doubt myself, and wonder whether this image is, after all, appropriate; a culture might be more in keeping with the image the administration has in mind. Who can tell? Everything is so uncertain.

I've had a lot of time to doubt lately. Sometimes, I even suspect there is a plot behind this strange New Image quest. When I'm having my expensive, watery coffee during my evening break in the deserted, filthy, cafeteria, I actually wonder if there is a great mystic at the top of this triangulated maze who is secretly masterminding an Image of stupidity for Canadian academic institutions. If there is, I'd like to meet him.

THE LITTER BOX IS FULL

Tim and Faisal discuss Cats

T: "Did you say you thought it was an intellectual fantasy?"

F: "I think Cats is an intellectual fantasy on two accounts. On one account that it is a revelation of what cats are all about in their natural phenomena and I'll explain that. It shows that each cat possesses its own personality, and this personality has to do with the fact that there is diversity in not just the costumes, but also in the actual dancing. They reveal this with very little dialogue, but more by action. And then there is this cat on the second dimension which is ostracized by all the cats, so on one level it is individuality that brings the group together. On the other level it is a community which segregates or ostracizes the cat which is trying to be accepted into this community."

T: "Forgive me, Faisal, but I think you are reading too much into it. You know, honestly, I think there is only an intellectual fleecing going on. I think that anyone who could watch that fluff got an intellectual fleecing."

F: "You see, Cats is a production which transcends mere dialogue."

T: "What do you mean, mere dialogue? What dialogue?"

F: "There isn't a dialogue, it is a hidden agenda that is speaking to you. It is the consciousness..."

T: "Yeah, okay...Why don't you elaborate on the agenda stuff?"

F: "Okay. Hidden agenda is the fact that it is a very simple play on one level because it is just basically one cat who wants to be accepted by the community and later on the community accepts this cat."

T: "How much did you pay for your tickets again?"

F: "I didn't pay."

T: "Ah. Okay, I paid \$27.50 for my ticket. You didn't have to pay, so it didn't hurt as much."

F: "We are talking about a play, not a restaurant menu."

T: "No, no we're not. We're talking about the public getting screwed out of their money. I mean, they watched this fluffy stuff, and somehow they think that's theatre. All that kind of stuff ever promotes is more mindless fluff and more wasting money on stuff that is insubstantial, utterly insubstantial. What I wanted to yell out when I left that the theatre is, "This show needs a giant box of kitty litter!" It was stinky. I left after the first act. I felt like the ostracized cat, because my opinion of the whole thing was that the whole audience was being hoodwinked out of their money."

F: "Ah, Tim, you only saw the first act. The second act was the explanation to the first. It showed this cat that I was talking about that was ostracized. In the end the cat gets accepted by the other cats."

T: "Oh, big deal! I mean, huge intellectual concept!"

F: "As I said, the story is very simple."

T: "Yeah. And how much were people paying? To me it was just no meaning. I just didn't feel anything in my heart for any of these cats. Nothing. You see, this is what bothers me. They sold a package of goods, but I think the package was empty. People spend all this money on a production of that nature, a supercilious production."

F: "Tim, let me burst your balloon. I am suggesting that the rich also have a right to indulge in pampering their own souls."

T: "Mmmm. Well, I guess all I'm suggesting is that the money could have been better spent."

F: "Let's put it this way: it is bourgeois entertainment. But beyond the bourgeois indulgence there is also a message which I think our generation especially would be interested in, to see the plasticity of this world. To see how the other side lives."

T: "But you can't presume that anyone would get that message from it. They wouldn't have that great an insight. Faisal, what I see is that some people with a lot of money are patronizing themselves."

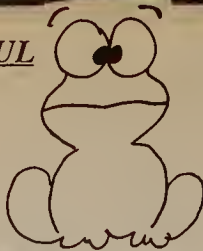
F: "It's a play within a play, I would say."

T: "Oh, you're full of shit. There is no play within that play. I don't think it's funny. In a show like Les Misérables or that one like are these class struggles within the opera or the production itself, and I find it ironic that they have the lower class sort of saying, "We will overcome and join the other class." And the audience that's watching is only of one class. So it's like in Les Miz the lead singer is talking about his poverty, and there the audience is wearing fur coats and jewelry and they're the only ones that can afford to watch this."

F: "It is almost like the rich trying to massage their consciences."

T: "It's ennobling the poor and the poor can't even see it."

F: "Cats, I believe has a social message, but it does not fulfill its promise, as it does not allow the poor, who it is talking about, to participate in the production. It should be treated in the same way that diapers are treated: they are processed, but they hold shit. It was tailored sensibility for the bourgeoisie who do not like the hard edges of life. Cats was for Yorkville audiences. I think what it lacks is satisfaction, because after you have digested the various movements and so forth, you are still left hungry."



WASHUPGATE: THE TRUTH

article by someone who didn't even give us a cool pseudonym

I noticed long before the beginning of this, my fifth undergraduate year, that students are often treated as second class (or even third class) citizens at this university. Take Access for example. In this new system the student has merely the illusion of choice when it comes to courses: ultimately, the computer decides for us what will constitute our program of study in any given year. It has generally been believed, by students and staff alike, that Innis College, while having to submit to larger University systems, has a more humane or at least less impersonal one than other colleges. Well, here's the beginning of the end: the large first floor washroom near the north-east exit now has emblazoned in bold letters, STUDENT WASHROOMS IN THE BASEMENT. Congratulations, Innis! This is the only segregated washroom to my knowledge in any college. Okay, so last year it had a "Staff Washroom" sign on it, but it was sort of dullish in colour and easy to ignore, in the hope that people didn't really care if it was shared. The new directive is loud and clear: students do not deserve to use this washroom. I imagine that the private washrooms on the second and third floors will soon go over to the other side (the new directive only mentions the basement). There will probably be a response to this, stating that the washroom has been left messy on occasion, or something like that. Well, so has the basement washroom, not to mention several other areas of the college.

Who says it was a student? So what if it was? It wasn't me, and I am being punished for it. Considering that there would be no Innis staff (faculty, administration, etc.) if weren't for students who wanted to come here and learn, I find superior attitude of the staff repugnant. We need them, they need us: it's a symbiotic relationship. We should all have equal access to the facilities of the college -- what do we pay the college fee for? Do the staff pay a college fee?

Please continue to use the washroom if this policy bothers you. It seems trivial in itself, but what it implies is that the staff deserve preferential treatment whereas the student, for whom this institution was supposedly built, must creep around in designated areas.

(Mr. Anon,
While I certainly understand your concern for these harbingers of doom that verily do creepeth upon us as underwear on a humid day, I must confess that I wonder whether or not you have anything important to say, considering the life-or-death urgency imparted in your impassioned plea for total and unconditional rights to use the washroom off in that far-flung corner of the college. Incidentally, we sent a team out to run some tests, and indeed, the basement washrooms and the second floor washroom above the pub, both of which are open to all manner of human beings, are in fact closer to the pub, the pit and Town Hall than that cold, poorly decorated vestibule of which you speak. I strongly doubt that the higher ranking officials of our fine-though-covertly-draconian institution spent any time wondering about this toiletgate at all. If you wish to pursue this any further, I may recommend you contacting the university Ombudsman, or Garry Spencer, who tries to be in charge of the waterworks in this place.

Keith Denning, Asst. Ed.

1st Lieutenant, Gorn High Command)



SEXUAL HARASSMENT

article by Imre

In 1980, a group of female students approached the University of Toronto with the request that a sexual harassment policy be set up. In 1984, a Provostial Working Group was set up to draft a grievance policy, and a draft policy was presented to the Governing Council in 1987 with the input of SAC, APUS, UTSA, AFTA, and Simcoe Hall. The result was the Sexual Harassment Education, Counselling and Complaint Office, which opened its doors on March 7 1988. After more than a year of operation, the overwhelming response has made it apparent that the Office provides a vital service to the University community.

There is no dictionary definition of sexual harassment, but it usually means any objectionable or offensive emphasis on the sex, or sexual orientation of an individual or group of people. The University's Sexual Harassment Policy recognizes two types of sexual harassment: quid pro quo and poisoned environment. Quid pro quo is when a threat or promise of reward is linked to submission to an unsolicited sexual advance. Poisoned environment is when the abuse is physical or verbal.

The Sexual Harassment Office is run by the Sexual Harassment Officer, Nancy Adamson. Nancy's job is divided into three different functions. One major part of her responsibilities is education. Nancy has a background in teaching women's issues, and has spoken to over 60 different groups of people since she started her job. She has found that the most apprehensive group is the faculty, who think that the sexual harassment policy was set up primarily against them.

This is partially true, as half of the complaints made were by students against teachers.

According to Nancy, sexual harassers have become much more sophisticated over the years. The days of a teacher taking a student into his office and making a straightforward proposition are long gone. Most of the cases she has worked on started with a professor offering a student extra help in their studies. Eventually this would lead to compliments about the student's intellectual capabilities and social contacts outside of the school environment, specifically the bedroom. Most of the students who approached the Office in such a situation said it wasn't until afterwards that they realized what they had gotten themselves into. They were afraid to break off the relationship for fear their marks would suffer, but they also didn't want it to continue. This was the point at which most students went to the Sexual Harassment office for help.

The second most common sexual harassment situation is that of male students harassing female students. Two students will meet each other in class and start talking. Soon the male student develops feelings of affection and asks the female student out. She refuses, but he persists. Gradually his behaviour becomes more obsessive, and he starts following her around campus and calling her at home. At first the girl is flattered, and finds the situation humorous. Then it starts to get annoying, and eventually she is afraid that he might rape her. It is when she starts to be afraid that she is likely to come to the Office.

Another important function that Nancy has is counselling. She has found that in almost all cases a situation can be resolved

informally through her speaking with the complainant, and if necessary with the respondent, the person against whom the complaint has been made. She has found that most teachers involved will not abuse their power and will continue to mark fairly after a student ends their involvement. If not, a student can appeal her mark. If a formal complaint is made, a third party may mark her work. In the case of the students harassing students, Nancy has found that most males are not aware of the effects of their actions, and are completely stunned to find out that the girl might be afraid of being raped. Of course most men are not rapists, but for a girl it is very hard to tell who is and who isn't. People don't wear "Nice guy" and "Bad guy" tags. Nancy's advice to men is to look at their actions and think about how they would feel if the situation were reversed. With most women the problem seems to be that they are afraid of not being nice. She tries to teach the girls who have approached her how to say no without being offensive. Sexual harassment does not usually lead to rape, but two of the cases Nancy dealt with did. The possibility is there, and Nancy strongly advises anyone who feels they may end up in such a situation to come see her.

If a sexual harassment situation cannot be resolved through counselling alone, there is a formal complaint procedure outlined in the Sexual Harassment Policy. First a mediator is appointed to deal with both parties individually to try to reach an agreement. If this is unsuccessful, the complaint is heard by a Sexual Harassment Hearing Board, which is composed of students, staff, and faculty. The Board rules on the

legitimacy of their complaint and where necessary imposes suitable penalties. The decision of the Board may be appealed to an Appeal Board, whose decision is final.

It is important to know that no formal complaint can be made without the complainant's written permission, and complaints can be dropped at any time during the proceedings. As well, all information is strictly confidential. The case of the allegedly leering professor in the swimming pool that you may have heard about recently is known to the public only because the professor himself decided to talk to the press. In other words, if you just want to talk to someone about a situation in which you feel uncomfortable, you can do so. No action will be taken without your consent. Nancy may even suggest some things you can do yourself to resolve the situation.

Although complaints are usually made by women about men, this is not always the case. In the annual report Nancy compiled the following statistics:

Complainant: 51% Undergrads, 26% Graduates, 7% Faculty, 5% Staff, 12% Other (Non-University).

Respondent: 20% Undergrads, 3% Graduates, 51% Faculty, 3% Staff, 12% Other.

Female Complainant / Male Respondent: 87%

Male Complainant / Female Respondent: 3%

Male Complainant / Male Respondent: 8%

Female Complainant / Female Respondent: 2%

If you feel you are being sexually harassed or would like some more information, contact Nancy Adamson at the Sexual Harassment Education,

Counselling and Complaint Office. It is located at 455 Spadina Avenue (at College, in the Tip Top building) in room 302. The office is open weekdays from nine to five. The phone number is 878-3908, and if no-one is in the office an answering machine will take your message. Nancy visits the Erindale and Scarborough campuses on a regular basis and can arrange to meet students at a time and location convenient for them. The Sexual Harassment Office also contains a small reference centre of materials about sexual harassment, sexual assault and date or acquaintance rape. If you have been raped, the number for the Rape Crisis Centre is 597-8808. This is a 24 hour help line which is not part of the University of Toronto.

pen. So sue me.

Spirals and stars,

Alysa

SHITFACED AGAIN

Alysa

WHY do people party their brains out, vomit on the floor, pass out in a bathtub, wake up feeling like shit and two days later say with gleams in their eyes and pride in their voices, "I really got hammered on Saturday"? And why does the person he or she is talking to light up with an inner glow and say "Oh, ya, man... I got really fucked up myself on Saturday"? Then both people laugh. Why? What is the attraction?

This is my theory. Let's call the subject Bob. Bob is a student. All week long he either does schoolwork, works at his job, skips classes, or parties moderately with his friends. (Using a male subject is in no way meant to be sexist. Women do this too.) The point is that all week he either acts out of duty, fatigue or guilt. By Friday night he is ready to break the mold. He gets plastered. When he wakes up the next day he knows that the

freedom of the night before was not a dream. He can feel it in every part of his hung-over, burned-out body. This feeling pleases him and to make sure that is stays, he parties all weekend long.

Monday morning comes around and he just manages to get out of bed for his second class. He fogs around all day and by five o'clock or so he is starting to feel better. Better, but creeping into his good feelings is a minuscule amount of the tediousness of the work week and the cycle of obligation and guilt.

Depending on Bob's resolve, he will either want to wash his feelings away with a beer or grit his teeth and wait for the next blow-out which may be Friday but may just as likely be Thursday.

On Wednesday, Alice asks Bob what he did on the weekend. Bob's eyes light up. He thinks about the laughs, the unconscious, floating feeling, and

the lingering reminder of his revelry. "I got plastered." He grins. Alice grins back: "So did I."

I don't care what anyone says. Bob and Alice and you and I, if you do the same thing, are all missing the point. Feeling shitty is not the answer to a boring work-week. Making the boring work-week manageable by having a few drinks or a joint is a much better idea. Blow out every weekend or every night and you end up BLOWN OUT. This ultimately makes the goals that you are boring yourself for harder to reach. It defeats the purpose. Everyone knows that we are all tied to using drugs of one sort or another, daily, to keep us doing what we are doing. It would take a complete change in lifestyle to get by without them. So take them, eat them, drink them, smoke them... but be careful that they don't cost you what you want.

At this point I feel obliged to point out that I am not a Fundie but this is what came out of my

THE HEAVY METAL COLUMN

article by Warren and Odín,
so blame them

IMPORTANT!!!!

(The following article must be read with a phoney British accent!)

Okay, okay, we'll write a heavy metal column. We'd like to begin at the beginning. It was in fact on the seventh day during that extended twenty-four hour rest that the certain rather large entity was hurling rocks at this new pet project of his, when a monolith went astray, you know the one missing from Stonehenge, yeah! the one with the instructions.

Many eons later, due to a seismographical eruption right off the scale (very similar to Lemmy's early songwriting attempts), this stray monolith reared its tip at the corner of Kennedy and Eglinton, deep in the heart of Scarborough. Strange emanations from the precipice began to cause people within the surrounding area to develop an underlying urge to find the ultimate path to self-abuse. As an aside this theory negates the infamous Bering Strait hypothesis and emphasizes the fact that all life spewed out of the mouth of Scarborough. Anyway the point is each and every one of us has a bit of Heavy Metal in us. Nuff said.

In the following months our comments will exemplify the early enforcers of the metal genre and attempt to become the quintessential force for heavy metal at U of T.

If our memories serve us correctly there were some excellent shows this past summer. We have dug up several of our T-shirts and not quite unlike an anthropologist are attempting to ascertain the relevant data from the stains, note that the Black Sabbath show was great and stainless thanks to a rather large bouncer who relieved us of our bottle at the door.

Silent Rage, the opening act for Sabbath went on to prove that the L.A. band scene has a rough edge unfit for human consumption. Several patrons were witnessed as having succumbed to drumstick related injuries which only served to reinforce the necessity of the song Paranoid later on in the Black Sabbath repertoire. Kingdom Come followed, and went on to exemplify how German metallions have an obsession, bordering on the obscene, with the word "love".

The dosage of Sabbath caused one to ponder just when did God create Heavy Metal and boy he must have been in a good mood that day.



The other show where the guy next to us had lame dope coincidentally turned out to be the former frontman of Black Sabbath and all round nice guy Ozzy Osbourne's "NO REST FOR THE WICKED" tour. Osbourne came across this time not as a gallavating fool, but as the true epitome of an intense rocker, also known as ooooh didn't he bite the head of a bat guy!

On that note we would like to pan the New Motley Crue before its forthcoming release. So till next issue keep the heads a-banging, ears a-bleeding, tongues a-wagging, beers a-chugging and remember the studs go on the outside of the jacket.

Damian

A woman jumped out of a third-story window after learning her husband had been unfaithful. She landed on the husband, who was entering the building at the moment. He died instantly; she survived and was charged with manslaughter.

Even life's slightest nuances never cease to stimulate and entertain. Unfortunately, too many of us are all victims and instigators of bullshit conversation, disposable fashion and music, wallowing in our imaginary problems. In a world where money, greed, and material possessions have become religion, it seems little else matters. We throw around words and coined phrases that are meaningless. We say things we don't mean. We carry with us a plethora of biased opinions, prejudice, and misconceptions that are harvested through blatant ignorance. So what does this have to do with U of T? I don't know -----

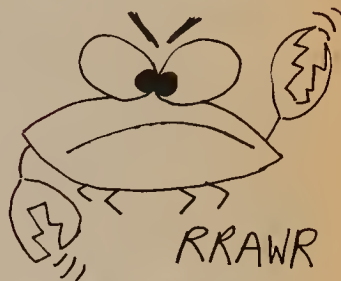
----- Just remember not to allow school to get in the way of your education. Think for yourself, for thinking is so important though many will insist that it's over rated.

With respect to University life, here are some commonly held misconceptions:

1) Professors are brilliant individuals with an uncanny zest for life and an exceptional capacity for accepting opinions contrary to their own.

2) Most University students are brilliant individuals with an uncanny zest for life and an exceptional capacity for accepting opinions contrary to their own.

3) You will get laid every night. So what should you do with? Well, "the less you have, the less you need. The less you want, the less you grieve." (LAVA HAY) or "dairy products are dangerous!"



environment as though it suffers from a bad bruise, hiring ex-camp-counsellors to remove scum from the Don River instead of providing funds to educated groups who want to approach environmental problems through dedicated efforts and serious know-how.

I am a near-graduate with skills, experience and, dare I say, hope; but, I very well may trade in these qualifications for the atmosphere of a noisy night-club and an apron full of tips. I am only one example. There are so many more.

ENVIRONMENT

LO! CHERI DOTH SPEAK!

On my summer vacation (and I use the term loosely) I got to be Information Supervisor for the Toronto Environmental Alliance's recycling education program. My title required researching proper recycling methods and blue-box use and providing this information and the education of this information to 12 canvassers who would return the favor, or in most cases the bother, to metropolitan residence during a door-to-door education campaign. The result ultimately was to be a report written by myself and the two canvass directors. The job description also included many relentless and hopeless meetings with big beaucroatic pieces of cheese.

The work experience overall was good. I gained practical experience in my field of study. I worked with an issue for which I have great concern, and I developed endless skills like communication, organization and the ability to work under pressure and at my own initiative. Realistically, though, all this garb looks great on a resume, but not in a bank book. With my current financial situation sneering at me as is, I retrospectively feel that I should have once again been a bar wench this summer.

Funding for my position, two canvass directing positions and twelve canvass positions was provided by the Environmental Youth Corp. (EYC). EYC, in its second year of existence, funds many environmentally related programs, and this summer paid wages for approximately 3000 youths throughout Ontario. Examples of EYC-funded jobs include working for environmental groups on various projects or for conservation authorities doing things like cleaning up rivers.

A youth is anyone aged fifteen to twenty-four. EYC youths are paid minimum wage or slightly higher for supervisor positions. Therefore most youths, like myself, who opt for such employment do so for the experience and the environmental involvement rather than for the pay-check. This has its good points; most are dedicated individuals who care about the environment and want to do something to improve its sad state. Minimum wage, however, also has its downsides; many university graduates or people with highly developed skills or experience who want to work with these important issues

(recycling for example) cannot either because they are over twenty-four years of age or because minimum wage fails to support the cost of living in this city. Therefore, many qualified people must settle for jobs outside their field of knowledge. Such is a loss of skills and know-how in an area where it is sadly needed.

I will be over twenty-four by the time I graduate. I will have an honours degree in Environmental Science and English plus over two years of practical experience working with environmental groups. I will be too old (time for a lavender rinse) to qualify for an EYC-funded job. Nevertheless, most environmental organizations are plagued by underfunding, so even if I pass the age test and work for a group which hasn't sold its soul for an EYC grant, it is doubtful that the pay would be able to support an adult's (as opposed to a youth's???) cost of living. However, working outside the environment field would be a waste of skills--unless, of course, there erupts a frightening shortage of bartenders.

I cannot understand why funding stops at summer jobs. This country treats the

JOHN SEED SPEAKETH

Rick Campbell

John Seed's days as an IBM systems engineer were long gone. He was tucked away in the margins of Australia's once great tropical rainforest playing Johnny Appleseed. No radio. No television. He and his friends had stopped reading the newspapers. Instead they planted and cultivated over one hundred varieties of tropical fruit and enjoyed the sunlight on the water, the heady rush of clean air, and the simplicity of life stripped of society's deathly materialism. They were living in paradise. Then one day the sound of chainsaws came up the valley and their Eden was under siege.

The rainforest that John Seed lived in was the remaining one per cent of New South Wales' tropical rainforest. The rest of it had fallen in the name of progress--tourism, development, logging, mining all rolling in on roads...Only one per cent left. This story is being played out across the world, in the rainforests of Madagascar, Brazil, India, and Canada. Trees fall to men's insatiable desire to turn dirt into dollars. There is no foresight. There are no real long term plans. The environmental impact studies that are done are "cooked" by governments and the World Bank. Forests fall, become temporary cattle farms, and then soon turn to desert.

John Seed's life has become bound up with the fate of the world's rainforests. He is a founding member of the Rainforest Action Network, an organization that specializes in disseminating information, civil disobedience, and encouraging actions to save what is left of the Earth's rainforests. What is becoming more and more apparent, to even the most indifferent, is that we ignore the forest's annihilation at our own peril.

Seed calls the tropical rainforests the "womb of life". They are home to half the world's ten million plants and animals. Nine tenths of these species have not been catalogued. The cure for AIDS could lie undiscovered in these forests. So could the cure for cancer or the perfect birth control pill. There is a Brazilian tree that contains a raw sap that will run a diesel engine. The huge pharmaceutical company Eli Lilly makes hundreds of millions of dollars from a Madagascar rain forest plant that contains properties that have reduced the leukemia mortality rate to one in five from four in five. (None of this money has gone back into the protection of the Madagascar rainforest.)

The tropical rain forests also play a huge role in creating the Earth's life support systems. The hydrological cycle--the moisture released by the trees and plant life into the atmosphere which returns to the forests as rain--stabilizes the world climate and creates our atmosphere. For every drop of rain

that falls on the Amazon, five drops are evaporated into the air. The solar power of this evaporation in terms of power has been likened to that of two thousand hydrogen bombs. This power creates the winds needed for sustainable agriculture. Until now, says Seed, these "free services of nature have been taken for granted". His current speaking tour is to raise the environmental consciousness of the world community. I found his talk at the University of Toronto in August both illuminating and alarming.

At this writing only half of the world's rainforests remain. One million species of plants and animals will be extinct by the twenty-first century. This is not including those who will remain, as many do now, in dwindling numbers--"the living dead". This works out to approximately 250 species a day.

These rainforests have been cleared in a single human lifetime. That's fifty million acres a year. More than this has fallen in Brazil in the last twelve months. One hundred and twenty million acres of this has been for cattle ranches to raise cheap beef for North American dinner tables.

James Lovelock, founder of the Gaia organization, has described the Earth as a living organism. The rainforests are vital organs of this organism. By destroying them, we are destroying the conditions necessary for complex life forms. Seed compares this rashness to the human brain, if it were to decide to mine the liver "for some short term benefit. With the internal breakdown of the Amazon rain forest, as pasture soon turns to desert, there won't be enough rain to sustain the forest that remains. One more year will destroy it."

When Seed and his friends learned what the New South Wales government had in store for its remaining one per cent, they joined others in their area in protesting against the forest's destruction. A series of actions brought the issue of forest clearing to the attention of the media and then to the people of NSW. The government swiftly decided to protect the remaining rainforest rather than face the wrath of their electorate come the next election. The area became a series of national parks.

Seed and his group later learned that the Tasmanian government was planning to dam the Franklin river. By timing a well organized blockade with the Australian election, they not only brought the media to the Franklin River to witness 1500 arrests, but they elicited a promise from then Opposition Leader Bob Hawke, who declared that, if elected, he would not allow the dam to be built. The group then fanned out to lobby marginal polls all over Australia. Hawke won and the area is now part of the World Heritage listing.

Seed and company's blockades and protests were the first of their kind in defense of rainforests.

Their tactics are currently being imitated in Temagami, by the Temagami Wilderness Society, Earth First, and other supporters of Ontario's last remaining old growth forest. Such protests, of course, are not always successful.

The government of Queensland in 1985 wanted to push a road through its tropical rainforest, to encourage development and mass tourism. This forest may be the world's oldest. One hundred and fifty million years ago the first flowering plants evolved there. It is the only place in Australia where the Great Barrier Reef actually meets the continent. The building of the road would bring with it feral animals, tourists and, for the first time, fire.

Seed and his group tried many tactics. They climbed into the trees to prevent the great machinery from rolling through. Some buried themselves in the ground and chained themselves to logs. Machinery, police and dogs were used to dislodge, arrest or drive away the protesters. The media were banned from the area. The road went through.

I saw a slide photograph of this road. Below it you can see the coastline. You can also see where siltation caused by torrential rains has buried the Reef in muck. The living Reef is one of the seven natural wonders of the world. The section of the Great Barrier Reef that kisses the Queensland coast is now dead.

Shortly afterwards the federal government unilaterally banned any further roads, logging, mining or tourist developments in the area. The Queensland government is appealing the ruling. All of Australia's rainforests are now protected. Unfortunately it is the only developed country in the world that is home to a tropical rainforest. The rest are to be found in the impoverished nations of the Third World.

The Rainforest Action Network was created by Seed and others shortly after this incident to help people in the West understand their intrinsic role in the destruction of those rainforests in non-developed countries. I will describe our role in this catastrophe, along with measures we can all take to stop it, in our next issue.

The Toronto chapter of the Rainforest Action Network is connected with Toronto's chapter of Earth First, a deep ecology group. For information about U. of T. student affiliation with these groups contact me, Arty Hanks or Devon Hornby by leaving a message at the bar of Innis Pub. John Seed has written a book called Thinking Like a Mountain. It describes, through various essays and testimonials, how to be active in the ecology movement without falling prey to the despair one often feels when faced with the seemingly insurmountable odds against it.

ASK MYRTLE

Dear Myrtle,

Can I recycle my husband?

-Edna Corn, Fla.

Dear Edna,

It certainly is wonderful rainforests, and I can see how to see people like yourself MacDonaldis is responsible for interested in the preservation of tonnes of waste due to their the environment. Dealing styrofoam over-packaging. What responsibly with needless waste, do I tell my kids? They think I'm such as your husband, is a big meanie.

- Fred Ziffle,

Brampton.

Dear Fred,

The answer is simple. Take your children on a little family picnic to a local purchasing, or in your case not landfill. Then rent a movie marrying, any product which is, on rainforest destruction. say, over-packaged or poses a Then let them decide for threat to the environment. Just themselves. They will gain say "Na". rewarding respect for the Reuse is the next R. This environment and for implies that before you throw it themselves and they will feel away, see if you can use it again proud and pleased for or perhaps use it for another making the proper purpose. In other words, Edna, responsible decision on their milk him for all he's worth. own accord, without your Recycling and resource/energy authoritarian force. If this Recovery is the next option, fails feed the whining. Finally, if your husband is snivelling, the hopeless biodegradable, I would suggest varments their damn composting. This option will burgers and slip some help to reduce the amount of cyanide in with the special waste being sent landfill as well, suace. When finished with as helping to fertilize your peunia the cyanide do not put the empty container out with your regular garbage; it is toxic, so wait for your municipality's hazardous waste pick-up.

Dear Myrtle,

My kids insist on eating at MacDonaldis. I am an

* Please address your environmental letters and questions to Myrtle c/o The Innis Herald.

BACK PAGE

Too Much???????

Too Soon???????

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In the orgasmic frenzy and joy of creation it is often possible to forget some seemingly small details and trivia that mean nothing to you but count for something with others. The Editburu is not alone in this tawdry world of bad manners; yah, we make mistakes, often, and sometimes with disregard for propriety. We have taken steps to remedy this by hiring a taskforce of battle scarred proofreaders to check our work, but we can't afford to pay them so Blitz gets to do it all. With that in mind, the Innis Herald editburu would like to apologize for the following mistakes in our Inndocrination issue:

Melissa Young is really Melissa Young.
Alisia Golden is really Alysia Golden.
Jim Shadden is still Jim Shadden.
"The fat gut" has lost weight, but still has an ornery temper.

there is no resolution to the game that has no solution there is no truth that is not found in the dreams of the salamander there is no hope beyond the joy of your eye's fixed on a symbol of love so far above us a symbol of reality that passes all understanding dreams that pass the avil of reality truth beyond the knife that will unt spadelegged on the altar and joy spreadegged on the altar and waiting for the knife that will liberate her from all that is now seen time time is the cure and none cometh unto the father our sleep dreaming of angels with wings of gold. haloes sparking with the light of a thousand suns as they bow and deliver unto us heavenly grace the purity of love in this moment and the rest a love that transcends words and actions as the eagle soars above the earth it is enough it is enough knowing this may rest burying ourselves in the worldwomb and venturing forth only when the dreams glow and call us never heard only felt never seen only sensed as vast wings of love envelop us.....

I'M STILL POOLING
OPINIONS.
I'M STILL POOLING
OPINIONS.



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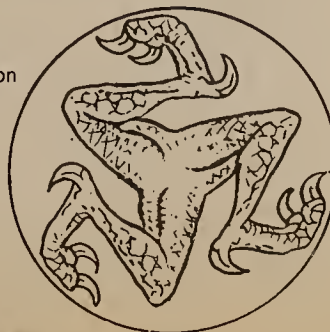
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"Made Stats more fun than a Neil Young concert!" - Innis Student with good taste who passed Introductory Statistics.



SEX
ELVIS' GHOST
AND YOU!



Beware